THE TALE OF THE MOSQUITO.

A TRUE STORY OF HOW SHE COMES AND WHAT IS GOOD FOR HER.

The Cause of the Present Plague, the Menns of Its Mitigation, and Some Veracious Chronicles of Past Times and Other Places.

A great plague of mosquitoes has settled wth determination and avidity upon the New Jesey, Connecticut, Long Island, and Staten liand coasts, and is lapping over to a limited stent upon this city. The miserable little ceatures, with their deprayed taste for human pre, appeared first about a week ago, and lave been appearing ever since. When the erst ones struck an ocean breeze they stopped. out the millions after them came piling right dong like a deluge against an insurmountable iam, until now they are banked up at some places along shore so thick that it is impossi-ble to breathe without absorbing them into the constitution. The pest has biasted the fair promise of a good many seaside hotels already, and will do mo.e damage yet, unless an east wind drives the insects back to their lairs.

The brunt of the visitation is borne by the little strip of fifty miles of sand that lies between the Atlantic Ocean and Barnegat Bay, down the Jersey coast. This strip, often not over a hundred yards wide, is a continuous marsh on the bay side. From this marsh the mosquitoes arose a week ago like a cloud of smoke, and with little more warning than though they were the result of spontaneous combustion. All the hotels down that way have wire screens at the windows, and the guests wear an ironelad coat of sunburn after they have been there a few days, but such triffes as iron wire and sunburn are nothing against the mosquitoes.

The guests fled. At one hotel not a soul remained but the proprietor and the servants. The plague has been as bad at other places, and the situation worse, because the people

could not flee so unanimously. Long Branch, Asbury Park, and the adjacent resorts have sweltered and sworn under the double inflicon of the heat and the mosquitoes, while further up, at Staten Island, life on some evenings has been a misery, and death a relief not to be sought for fear that the beasts would deto be sought for lear that the ceasts would de-your the remains before there was concernity for decent burial. Base ball has had to be car-ried on there with paper shields for the legs and towels for continual use as brushes of do-fence, while lovemaking, once a business of dasky lawns and vine-embowered plazzas, has been confined to the close and parent-guarded receivers of the front pariors.

deaky linwas and vine-embowered plazzes, has been confined to the close and parent-guarded precincts of the front parfors.

The worst netual sufferers have been the men at Prince's Bay and other fishing resorts who stand on the wharves and sell fish to the fishermen from New York who have been out in boats with fancy fishing tackle all day. The business of these men has been entirely destroyed, for the New Yorker's can't sit in the boats on account of the mosquitoes.

New York city has missed the worst of this, as it does of most summer pests, even of heat, but it has had enough.

Everybody has been saying that the sudden and abominable plague was caused by the heat and humidity. Prof. Southwick, up at the Central Park Arsenal, who has found 1.056 different varieties of insects in the Park, and who knows all about mosquitoes if anybody does, says that in this case everybody's opinion is right. The mosquitoes are sired by heat and dammed by humidity—as likewise, but differently, by humanity.

"The present remarkable plague of the insects," says the Professor, "is the direct effect of the long hot spell and the unusual dampness with which it has been accompanied. This combination has created circumstances most favorable to the successful propagation of the hundreds of millions of eggs which have been laid within the past month wherever there has been stagnant water. It is a mistake to suppose that mosquitoes breed peculiarly in salt marshes. They breed anywhere where there is water. They are like the Mississippi gunboats they used to tell of that could run wherever there was a heavy dew. A few quarts of water left standing in a fountain will produce mosquitoes enough to drive out a houseful of people."

"Is there any way of preventing then away

of the poison in the blood about the bite, and this causes the subsequent titching and swelfing. It is very hard for any one to remain passive while serving as a banquet for a mosquito, amil the next best remedy that I know for the bite is ammonia. A little of the cheap stuff you can buy at any drug store rubbed over the bite will take the sting out of it at once. So will brainary soda and a number of other things of the same nature. A little phial of ammonia carried around by a person who suffers particularly from mosquito bites will save loads of trouble and a good deal of profanity."

One old book says on this same subject: It is cerain that a little care would often secure the One old book says on this same subject:
It is certain that a little care would often secure the inmates of houses distant from stagmant waters, from these peats, for which they have solely to thank their open water tubs or cisterns in their gardens, in which they are constainly breeding. Dr. Franktin long since plantes this out, and I myself found that the gnais which so annoyed us in the house we occupied at lives, late in the animm of 1850, as to require same mosquito cartains to all the body though it was far distant from the river or any pond, all proceeds from an open ornamental cistern in the garden, constantly lost half full of water. The remedy is easy. Either open water tubs and cistern school of the guarden or a few small the kept in them to destroy the layer of the guard as fast a deposited.

water. The remery is easy. Lither open water the said clasterns should be prescribed or a few small fish kept in them to destroy the lavve of the guais as fast a deposited.

Mosquitoes were not born to eat mankind. Their taste for blood is not innate, but cultivated. The original purpose of the mosquito's existence was to eat miasma and other unhealthy things that the is swamps and pools. The larva or grub of the insect still devotes Reel to this branch of the business. It is not recorded when or by what means the mesquito was first led from the path of rectitude and miasma to that of wickedness and gore, but the departure from the grand of the worship Jupitor is groves and the vestal virgins served the mythological deities in the backyards of the temples. It is safit to have been a law of record in those times that there should be no penalty for the priest who said "Jupitor" or the virgin who cried "Ouch!" In the midst of a sleam ceremonial provided the offender could produce a flesh bite as proof of the extent of his provocation.

There was no Adam in the genealogy of the mosquito. The mosquito Eve alone fell, and it is the Eves alone that are fallen new. The male mosquito is a gentleman. He stays in refired spots, lives on miasma, and attends ariefly to business. All the biting and buzzing business is done by the temale. The difference between the two sexee is very marked. It can easily be seen if something on which they will slight is placed in the open air. A piece of punckin ple is the best thing. Frof, Southwick says. The males are characterized by a mild and ponceful expression of countenance and two lovely feathered antenna waving in front of the head. The female wavs as blood-stained lancet and has no trimmings on her head.



LARVA, PUPA, AND INSECT.

Whether the mosquito, or the egg from which the mosquito comes, existed first, is a question which scientists have, as yet, been unable to settle satisfactorily, but there is no question that at the present time responsibility for the existence of the mosquito must rest upon the lemale. As soon as warm, weather comes the lemale mosquito goes to the water, crosses her had legs in the shape of a letter X and lays an egg. The egg is caught by the crossed legs and smeared with a rintinous substance. The lext egg is caught in the same way, and at last, when about 300 to 550 of the eggs have been laid and stuck together by the legs and the give, they form a tiny little float or raft which is launched on the water, and the female fless away with a consciousness of duty done. After a few days the eggs hatch out little larva, which are thin wormy things that come out of the lower end of the eggs, and leave the raft of empty shells to float away and be destroyed by the wind and water. The first of the taree figures in the picture is the larva of a mosquito supposed to be floating on the water. The head is down. The two appendages with sathery trimmings at the top are the tail. The ether the mosquito, or the egg from which

larva breathes through its tail. Most of the time the larva remains at the bottom of the water, feeding on decaying matter, and by this scavenager work doing great good in clearing swamps of miasms. Occasionally they come to the surface for air. The common name for the larva of a mosquito is "wiggier," and any one who looks in a stagnant pool on a summer day will see hundreds of them. If they are not disturbed they will be seen fleating with the two tips of their tails just above the water. They move about in a quick, jerky style that gives rise to their popular name.

naick, jerky style that gives rise to their popular name.

After the mosquito has been a wiggler for ten or twelve days it becomes something else—a numa, or "tumbler." The tumblers are also familiar sights in stugnant waters. The second figure in the picture above is of a tumbler. In this state the mosquito breathes through its head. It remains near the surface of the water, and when disturbed wriggles toward the bottom by the aid of two pinlike leaves on its tall. It does not can.

The pupa state of the mosquito lasts for from five to ten days, according to the weath-

and when disturbed wriggles toward the bottom by the aid of two pinilke leaves on its tall. It does not can.

The pupa state of the mosquito lasts for from five to ten days, according to the weather, and then some day, when the sun is bright, it rises to the surface, its skin bursts along the back, and opens out into the form of a boat; a perfect mosquito slowly rises from the shell till it stands on its tail, takes a good look around, kicks out a pair of legs in front, which it places on the water to balance itself, shakes out its wings, gives them time to dry, draws up its hind legs until they rest on the edge of the shell boat, and then, with one flap of its wings and one kick of its legs—which upsets and sinks the boat—the insect flies away. The third figure in the picture is of a female mosquito just ready to fly, picking out its victim from a picnic party on the bank. The mosquito consists chiefly of six legs, two wings, and a sucker. It belongs to the Dipiers family, thus being first cousin to the fly, its own name is Chiez, or Chilicide, when there is a lot of them, as there generally is the two were enough for all practical purposes, the hinder pair were gradually dropped. The stumps of them still remain, and wiggle when the insect moves. They are called halteres, Each foot has two claws, and two or three little cushions or skinny palms, which net as suckers, by the aid of which a mosquito can walk up a smooth wall or stand on a celling and take aim at a bald head below.

The most interesting and intense portion of the mosquito's anatomy is the sucker. This apparatus, appread out for examination, is as shown in the accompanying picture. On each side is a max—of life, or juw, and next within it the mandilbles, which have tiny barbs at the end and do the chewing. Then there is a fine, hair-like tongue and a celling arrangement. The mosquito-challed control is a sort of sucking arrangement. The mosquito-challed control is a sort of sucking arrangement. The mosquito-challed control is a sort of sucking arr

herself stendy with the six sucker-like feet, without any ap-parent effort thrusts this bundle of lances, clustered with an awi-like beak, deep into the flesh, and, through a channel which is left in the centra which they



says that in this case everybody's opiulon is right. The mosquitoes are sired by heat and dammed by humidity—as likewise, but differently, by humanity.

"The present remarkable plague of the insect, and this causes the subsequent in the dame of the long hot spell and the unusual dampness with while it has been accompanied. This combination has created circumstances most favorable to the successful propagation of the hundreds of millions of eggs which have been laid within the past month wherever there has been stagmant water. It is more interest to be a more into the hundreds of millions of eggs which have been laid within the past month wherever there has been stagmant water. They breed anywhere where there is water. They are like the Mississippi gunboats they used to toil of that could run wherever there was a heavy dew. A few quarts of water left standing in a fountain will broad one mosquitoes enough to drive out a houseful of people."

"Is there any way of preventing the broading of the insects or of keeping them away after they are bred?"

"Nothing that has yet been discovered will do either thing," said the Professor. They come and they bits, and that's all there is about it. Tobacco smoks, bonfires, pennyroyal, kerosten of lon the face, and other alleged remained by the many that is hardy practicable, and I don't know that it has ever been tried. I suppose chlorate of lime or most any other disalnectant put in the water would induce extreme weariness on the part of the larva from which they breed, but that is hardy practicable, and I don't know that it has ever been tried. I suppose chlorate of lime or most any other disalnectant put in the water would induce extreme weariness on the part of the larva from which the insects come.

"Can anything make their bittes harmless?

"Oh, yes: the remedy for a mosquito's bit is to let if bite. That sounds funny, but it is literally true. The insect injects into the would it makes a little poison along with the blood, and the bit with the proposed to be produced by wall of the chest. The flatteres or felics of wings, also assist in making the sound. Aristophanes, in his "Clouds," deriding Socrates, introduces Chærephon as asking that philosopher whether gnats made their buzz with their mouth or their tail. Upon which Mouffett, the entomologist, very gravely observes that the sound of one of these insects approaching is much more acute than that of one retiring; from whence he very saniently concludes that not the tail, but the mouth, must be their organ of sound. "But after all," says another authority, "the friction of the base of the wings against the thorax seems to be the sole cause of the alarming buzz of the mosquito, as well as of that of other Diptera. The warmer the weather the greater is their thirst for blood, the more forcible their flight, the motion of their wings more rapid, and the sound produced by that motion more intense."

Pliny, after Aristotle, distinguishes between Hymenopiera, the beet tamity, and Diptera, the

Himy, after Aristotle, distinguishes between Hymenopiera, the bee tamily, and Diplera, the mosquitoes and files, when he says the former have their sting in the tail and the latter in the mouth; and that to the one the weapon is given as an instrument of vengeance and to the other of avidity.

On this old kirby and Spence, who wrote about bugs and things in quaint English fifty years 1840, 841?

In this country (England) hey are justly regarded an original time country (England) hey are justly regarded as no train out; for they follow us to all our haunt, in tride into our leds, seerst retiremens, assail us in the city and in the country, in our heuses and in our fields in the son and in the shade; nay, they pursue us to our pillows and either keep us a wake by the ceaseless hum of their rappi wings (which according to the sacon time in and either keep us a wake by the causeless hum of their necessariem deavors to fix themses, in it is spilled them we fail asleep awaken us by the acute pain which attends the interation of their oral stings attacking with most avitage than injurious, wet upon some occasions they have approached nearer the character of a place in the all the processing that injurious, wet upon some occasions they have approached nearer the character of a place in the air from salisbury valuelinal which at a distance resembled columns of smole, and occasioned many people to think that the cathedral was on the Asimilar occurrence in the air from salisbury valuelinal which at a distance resembled columns of smole, and occasioned many people to think that the cathedral was on the Asimilar occurrence in the manner of the meets of the meets of the column of the process of the meets of the column of the process of the column of the column of the process of the column of the process of the column of the colum

he East, at Batavia, Dr. Arnold, a most attentive and accurate observer, relates that their bits is the most venomous he swer feet, occasioning a most intolerable itching, which lasts several days. The sight or sound of a single one either prevented him from going to bed for a whole night or obliged him to arise many times and Capt. Stedman, an American, as a proof of the dreadful state to which he and his soddiers were reduced by them, mentions that they were forced to steep with their heads thrust into boles made in the earth with their bayonets, and their necks wrapped around with their bayonets, and their necks wrapped around with their hairmorks.

heads thrust the non-seeks wrapped around with their haymords, and their necks wrapped around with their haymords.

From Humbolds we also learn that "between the little harbor of fliguerate and the mouth of the lito Unare, the wretched inhabitants are accustomed to stretch themselves on the ground and pass the night buried in the sant three or four inches deep, leaving out the head only which they cover with a handkerchief."

It is incredible that aport, which a handkerchief. It is incredible that aport, which attacking his elephant and have been appropriate to the seek of grants, which attacking his elephant are that the inhabitants of various cities as Mouffet has collected from various authors should by an extraordinary multiplication of this plague have been compelled to desert them; or that by their power to do mischlef. like other conquerors who have been the torment of the human race, they should have attained to fame, and have given their name to bays towns and even to considerable territories instances are Mosquito Bay in St. Christopher: Mosquitos, a town in the sland of Cuba, and the Misquito country in North America.

A curious coincidence is indicated by a note in another book on bugs. Elizabethport. New Jersey. is probably, of all places in this country, the one where the mosquito is the most prominent feature of the landscape. The note referred to says:

In the small town of Elizabethport, Russia, in the month of June, 1830, 30 horses, 40 fonts, 70 oxen, 40 caives, 150 hogs, and 400 sheep were killed by mosquitous alone.

A timely conclusion to the whole story is the following extract, also from Kirby and Spence: following extract, also from Kirby and Spence:
And now, which seems to you the greatest terror, that
the forest should r sound with the roar of the ilon or
the tiger, or with the hum of the gnat? Which evil is
most to be deprecated, the neighborhood of these feroclous animais, or to live amid the polar or tropical
myriads of mosquiloses an be subject to the torture of
their incessant attacks? When you consider that from
the one prudence and courage may secure or defend us
without any material sacrifice of our daily comforts,
while to be at rest from the other we must either render ourselves disgusting by filthy ingredients or be suffocated by funigations, or to be content to be bound,
head, hand, and foot, shut out from the respiration of
the common air, and even thus exercely escape from
the annoyance? You will feel convinced that the former is the more tolerable avil of the two, and he inclined
to think that those cities from which the lions were
driven away by the most powerful gnats were no great
gainers by the exchange.

WAITERS AT SCHOOL

George F. Bette's Weekly Lecture on the Proper Way to Serve at Table.

From the Boston Globe.

I was talking with George F. Betts, who is I was talking with George F. Betts, who is the head waiter at Young's, the other day. Betts, by the way, is as clever and fine-looking a colored gentleman as any one could reasonably wish to see. He is in the neighborhood of 40 years of ago, and has had a wide and varied experience in all the large cities of the Union. What he don't know about the appointments of a dining room isn'tworth knowing. I happened to remark during our conversation upon the great difference there is between different members of the profession, and he repined enthusiastically:

"Yes, the public have got a general notion that an apron and a towel are all that constitutes a waiter. Now, that's all wrong, it's just as much of a profession as any other, and has to be just as carefully stucied. By the way, I give all my men a lecture on their duties every Monday morning, and, if you like. I should be gird to have you attend, so as to see for yourself how carefully they are trained in every detail of conduct that will in the least degree add to the comfort of the guests of the house."

degree add to the comfort of the guests of the house."

It struck me at once that such an occasion must be a unique one in its way, and so I accepted the invitation. The clock on the old South Church pointed exactly to the hour of 10 when I turned into Court avenue and entered the hotel. I was at once led to Parlor 12, where upward of sixty colored men were already assembled in readiness for the weekly "lecture." They were of all ages and shades of color. I was cordially received by Head Walter Betts, who sat at a centre table upon which were promiscuously arranged a collection of labelled bottles and glasses, the significance of which, as I soon learned, was far different from what night naturally be at first inferred. Betts proceeded at once to business.

"Now I want you men to pay strict attention to what I am going to say, even if you have heard the same thing over every Monday morning."

This was certainly an auspicious send-off, and one little old man with short curly hair and with wrinkles all over his face, wriggled on his chair and grinned, just as if he saw a joke. The rest opened their mouths attentively and watted for more.

"A great many men," the speaker continued,

rest opened their mounts are for more.

"A great many men." the speaker continued.

"hire out as waiters—and a great many are waiters and a great many are not."

This solid chunk of logic nearly knocked the little old man off his chair. He succeeded in recovering his balance, however, and proceeded to switch files with his towel, while the head waiter proceeded:

to switch flies with his towel, while the head waiter proceeded:

"The lirst requirement of a waiter is a gentlemanty bearing. No one but a gentleman can be a good waiter. I want to speak now about his habit of passing around subscription papers among the guests in aid of the sick employees. You must stop that. Never beg from any one but yourselves.

"Now, in this matter of serving wines; if you don't happen to know what glass to use for a particular wine ask some one. I will gladly tell you. The trouble is that some men can't be told anything. They'll nover learn to be waitera."

waiters."
At this interesting point the course of the lecture was suddenly broken by an unusually ominous enore, which to all appearance issued from the throat of an ebony-hued individual who had chosen an out-of-the-way corner in

ominous anore, which to an appearance issued from the throat of an ebony-hued individual who had chosen an out-of-the-way corner in which to disten to the words of wisdom.

"Here, young man." the irate lecturer exclaimed. 'this is no place to sleep. Go down stairs if you want to snore. What did I say last; can you tell?"

This raised a laugh all around, and the culprit sneaked out of the room without attempting to answer the conundrum. After explaining in detail the particular uses of the various wine glasses by means of those on the table before him as illustrations, which were of all imaginable shapes and colors, letts continued: "Now, if a person orders a pot of colies, don't bring up cold milk unless it is called for. Bring up hot milk with coffee and cold milk with tea. Always serve pulverized sugar with tomatoes, lettuce and cracked ice with cucumbers and tomatoes. Watermelon, cantelope, muskmelon, and berries of course need milk or cream and pulverized sugar. A dessert knile and fork and powdered sugar should go with all pastries, while a small piece of American cheese is in order with all kinds of pie. Many men never think of such a thing as putting mustard on the table. Some people like it, There are very few who have yet learned that a boiled potato is proper with baked beans. Don't cover the bread plate with a napkin; it looks as if there was dust or dirt around. This matter of laughing and fooling don't make a waiter. I should stop it. Never cnew tobacco and spit on the door mats, and don't gather in groups in the corridors. Sleeping on watches must also be stopped. There were four of you yesterday at it, and Wilkinson, there, was the chamuion sleeper of the whole."

This remark made Wilkinson look more tired than over. When the laugh had subsided Betts

door mats, and don't gather in groups in the corridors. Sleeping on watches must also be stopped. There were four of you yesteriay at it, and Wilkinson, there, was the champion sleeper of the whole."

This remark made Wilkinson look more tired than ever. When the laugh had subsided Betts continued:

"All cold meats ought to be garnished with parsley, lettuce, or celery. Be careful about leaving your side towels around. Another man comes along with something to wipe, and he don't know whether it has been lying there for twenty seconds or twenty years. It is a good plan not to wipe your lace with an apron or towel, nor to be too familiar yith the proprietor. I never allow myself even to drink a glass of lemonade with him. Do your drinking in the proper place. If you don't study these little things you'll always be done, as sure as you're born. Always remember that I'm the boss, too. I'm hired to be head waiter, and I mean to act it out. If I refuse to excuse any man for the day don't make the mistake of going to the Captain, because I'm shead of the Captain. Never open a boiled egg for a customer unless ordered.

"If you see that a guest of the house wishes to be waited on by a particular man with whom he is acquainted, always give way politely and without confusion. A waiter should always keep his eyes cast toward the door, instead of out of the window. Be careful in stead of out of the window. Be careful in stead of out of the window. Be careful in stead of out of the window. Be careful in the serving any kind of 'fizz' wines to bour them out carefully. In serving old wines never wipe off the dust from the bottle. Never wipe off the label, and be sure to show the label to the gentlemen in erder that there may be no mistake.

"You are all supposed to wear dark pants with white apron and necktie. No colored shirts are allowed. Your boots must be blacked from this day out. You are excussed."

The men dispersed to their various duties. After which I was shown through the tortuous mysteries of the huge basement, kit

From the Springfield Republican. A citizen who was passing along a street given up to residences a little time since wimesed a nequiliar scene certain gate, and the owner of the premery agon loaded with liquor these, an eiderly man, stood ready to direct the driver about unloading the cargo. But before the criver about unloading the cargo. But before the operation could begin a young woman came out of the house and said to the teams er:

"I forgid you leaving that liquor here."

The man at once repited: "If you forbid it I must go on."

The man at once represent the year to the serior of the stuff, and the girl rejoined:

"And I forbid you."
The driver looked from one to the other a moment, then tightened up the reins and sought some other market for his good.

OLD-TIME LONG ISLAND RESORT.

The Fun there is in Crabbing-The Magnetic Arbors on the Heach-The Barber's Shop Under the Trees-Well-known Persons. Quoque is generally believed to be the best and nearest approach to the word "clam" that the Shinnecock Indians ever were able to make. And that is pearer than the muchlauded intellects of Massachusetts can get at the present day, for if you show a Nantucket, or New Bedford, or even a Worcester county man one of those rock-bound, but delicious bits of sea fruit and ask him what it is, he will reply with a promptness born of conviction, "That's a Ko-hog, sir." So that if we laugh at the poor dead Shinnecocks, or the two semi-Shinnecocks that are holding on to the reservation with the grip with which a drunken man clutches at a straw, we shall at the same time be laughing at the best culture this coun-

The Long Islanders like the name of Quogue. The clams and the Indians have both shelled out, but the Long Islanders hold on to the word with the delight that the late Judge Dowling exhibited over another word once when he was on the bench.

"What were you drinking, sir," he asked sternly of a prisoner, "that you came to be so frightfully tight as to walk up Broadway drauging an ash barrel behind you, and declaring that it had attempted to pick your pocket?"
"Hot apple toddy, your Honor," said the

then very humble man.
"What's that you say?" the Judge asked.

"Hot apple toddy, your honor." "Now, then," continued the Judge, "will you please tell the Court what it was you had been drinking-no evasion, sir, what was it?" "I took a few drinks of hot apple toddy, your

"Well, go on: go on," said Judge Dowling: "say it again; tell me again what it was you were drinking; keep on saying it; I love the words,"

Just so do the Long Islanders love the word Quogue, and love to toy with it on their tongues, and print it on their bill heads, that they can beat the world at filling up, and paint it on the mile posts and hurl it at the New York editors in accounts of hog guessing and cases of extreme long(Island)govity in the winter, and in tales of marvellous fishing and crowded boarding houses during the rest of the year. First there's Quoque, and then comes Pond Quogue, and then Quiogue and Quogue Station. As one is enough for the average New Yorker, this article will be confined to the father of them all, old Quogue itself.



WAITING FOR THE STAGE.

Quoque consists of eleven boarding houses. half a dozen cottages, a Republican store, a Democratic store, and Post Office, a road, a beach, a pond, a life saving station, a butcher's shop, a liberty pole, a livery stable, a church, a chapel, and Hiram Stevens and his outfit. Add three stages, a few sail and row-boats, a life boat and a fishing boat, and a little live stock, and you have the whole inventory in winter. In summer there is a further addition of one thousand summer boarders from

live stock, and you have the whole inventory in winter. In summer there is a further addition of one thousand summer boarders from New York and Brooklyn. There is only a mile of Quogue—a broad, clean sand road, with grass and trees on either side, and with an outlet to Hiram Stevens, who owns the ocean and rents it out by the bath, day, week, or season. It is about seventy miles from New York, and is as nearly natural a place as it is possible to imagine. It is a relict of half a century ago—a gen-line old-fashloned watering place such as Islip and Rockaway used to be in our grandmothers' days, and such as Narragansett Pier was until Mr. Dun and his associates built the Casino there, and the place began to put on airs and French bathing dresses, and took to saying. "Ah, there!" over straws, instead of the primitive. "Well, here she goes," with a bottle and two glasses.

The eleven houses which dodge one another on either side of the Quogue road nearly all have the same history as the average oyster. They began as "plants," little things with just room enough for the landlord and his wife, a parlor and one or two beds for duck hunters and fishermen. Year by year for half a century each houses kept adding extensions, just as plant cysters do, until now the landlord and his wife and the parlor have a hard time to edge themselves in among the boarders, who come at the rate of a hundred or more to each of the cloven houses, which are big, sprawling country boarding houses, fronted with old - fashioned broad plazzas full of wide-armed rockers and facing tidy grass plots and bunches of dwarfed Long Island trees. Three times a day somebody walks out of one house and shakes a dinner bell wildly before him, whereupon other men or women come out of the other houses and plants a tiny ten-cent American flag in a gate post of a hottle free to mile story of the stage drivers who go to the trains, two miles through the woods back of Quogue, that some passengers want to be stopped for and taken to Quogue read drivers who go to

beach, which is also Hiram Stevens's and goes in the same lot with the ocean, just as a cracked pitcher always goes with a broken mirror at an auction saie.

Otherwise than this the placid, calm, and breeze-fanned restfulness of Quogue are not broken against any one's will, except by the arrival of newcomers, the trundling of reddiers' wagons over the road, or the toiling steps of the fishermen who drag a net at sea twice a day, and then, having caught from twenty-two to sixty bass, peddle them among the boarding houses.

These fishermen are like all the fishermen that ever existed since Noah's greatest show on earth. They laborlously haul in from six to twelve shillings' worth of fish in two tollsome raids on the ocean, and yet charge five dollars to take a party of New Yorkers out fishing, because they say that if they do so they will have to lose one haul of their net. But it is worth five dollars to go out to sea with them and fish whether you catch a mess or make a mess; in either case, piscatorially or medicinally, the experience is worth the cost. Bass are plenty and the sport of catching them is exhilarating. The bass they get at sea is of the striped kind, while only the white label bass is to be had on land, but the same exhilaration follows the pursuit of either. In the ponds and sea together are perch, weakfish, bluefish, and all the other local favorities in their seasons.

Except for the annovances above mentioned, there is little to disturb the ambition of the average boarder, which is to rock lazily on the plazza, fanned by the ocean breeze, and to eat three honest, solid, old-fashioned meals, with ple at the end of the second meal, and cake at the lar terminal of the third one. Board in Quogue ranges from \$8\$ to \$12\$ a week, and every boarder who has any pride about him eats up that amount regularly, the air being eager and bracing, and the food being always served when every boarder has begun to get anxious and to declare that he means any interest and in the thory will discover their mistake

SUMMER FOLKS AT QUOGUE. give Long Branch meals—which consist of walters, head walters, and the aroms of food—or else they will employ the Madison Square plan of satisfying hunger with a sight of the prices on the bills of fare.

WHAT THERE IS TO DO THERE.

what there is to do there.

What there is to do there.

This rocking your way on the plazza from one meal to another is never adopted by new comers at Quogue. Half the population there is always composed of newcomers, and they are always wildly anxious to be doing all the things that the place permits. There is no end to what they do. They bring bleyeles down, and ride to Atlanticville, on Shinnecock Bay, or over to Westhampton, or they hire carriages and do the same thing. They walk a few city block lengths to the bay, and hire sailboats and sail to Canoe Place or Tiana with the cockpit of the sailboat full of pretty girls and drinkables. They take their guns and shoot yellow legs and oxhearts, duck, geese, and quail in their senson, or no end of smaller birds like robins, whippoorwills, jays, kingfishers, and all the rest. They take their fill of crabbing also, a sport that brings the most multitudinous reward, and fills all the plates in one's hotel after an hour's work at hauling in the crabs with a line and a net. They go berrying and wild flower gathering in the woods, and rowing, and buthing, and playing lawn tennis, and spooning—well, for spooning Quogue is simply beyond and above any other place on the coast, excepting, of course, Narragansett Pley, which has the Indian Rock and the Haunted Walk, and so can't be beaten. Hiram Stevens, who owns the beach and the ceean, puts up a lot of what he calls arbors on the sand, just beyond the breakers, every year. These arbors consist of upright hop poles and poles laid across them on top, and heaps of oak branches on top of the cross poles to keep out the sun. Under these arbors, which rent in sections for a dollar a week, are wooden benches, and here the spooning goes on from dawn till late at night.



A BIT OF THE BEACH.

It goes on in bathing dresses, in summer tollets, in heavy wraps, and under umbrellas when it rains, and it goes on whether five hundred are looking on or it is all by itself. The procession of couples down to those arbors is interminable, and there they sit and hold hands and drink in each other's spellbound glances. There furrows are dug in the loose sand with little French kid toes, while the young man on the same seat, with his head on his hand and his elbow on the back of the bench and his mouth close to a pearly ear, whispers soft nothings by the half hour. Often a dainty Brooklyn girl or New York maiden and her young man will really resolve to bathe, and get all undressed and robed anew for the sea, but the cool and breezy arbors stand in the way, and they get no further. Both drop upon a bench and spoon, and surely Faul and Virginia were not more picturesque in their tropic economy of attiro than are a fashionable miss in a striped suit, with sleeves only three inches long, a foot and a half of skirt, and the rest all stockings, beside a dandy in a blue flannel jersey, blue kneebreeches, and agraundwork of tan, seated close together, and dreaming one dream. And then it is always the case that all the siderly ladies and spinsters are looking on and making notes to retail at the hotel to those who stayed at home. The bathing is lost to such young people, but, as one of them said to her girl chum yesterday. "Im sure it's just as good to get the air, and then you don't feel as if you had put on sandpaper underclothes afterward, and your hair is not horrid the rest of the day." So alluring is the beach as Hiram Stevens has improved it that the young couples develop an interest in the sea that leads them to wonder how it looks long after supper when the surf is an indistinct line of white and the arbors are like tunnels that swallow up and hide whoover goes under thom.

FUN FOR THOSE WHO CRAB.

FUN FOR THOSE WHO CRAB.

You never saw more fun than the crabbers have at Quogue. It is the only place on the south side of the island where the land runs out to the ocean. A spit of land there divides Shinnecock from Great South Bay, or would divide the two-but for a little creek that runs from one to the other, and is bridged at Quogue. This creek is so full of crabs that a person not as careful as this reporter might say it is solid with them—great big crustaceans that will stand up on their hind flippers and box with their claws when they are landed in a way that sends terror to the female soul. Yet the ladies are the most enthusiastic crabbers at Quogue, and when they are at it the sport is vary interesting to the men. The manner of luring a crab from his ancestral mud is to borrow a few pleces of meat from the cook, a landing not from the stableman, and some stout cord from a fisherman, and then hire a boat and start in. The best of the fun is that you can see the crab take your bait, and can watch his every movement until you have got him to the surface and are about to scoop him up with your net.



CRABS TILL YOU CAN'T BEST.

You land him in your basket, and then the real sport begins, for your crab is certain, seven times in ten, to instantly scramble out of the basket and scuttle over the floor of the boat. At this your companion, who has solemnly promised not to be at all afraid, leaps on the seat of the boat with a scream, and, clutching her skirts so as to wind them tightly around her ankies, announces that she has heard they can jump, and bids you let her sabore and kill the horrid thing and come home. Eventually this same timid companion will stifle all compunctions so far as to learn to hold a live struggling crab by the back of his overcoat in such a way that he cannot bits her, but never, no never, will she behave any differently from the first time if a crab so far lorgets himself as to ramble around the bottom of the boat.

There are men so lost to gallantry at Quogue as to egg on young ladies in bathing robes, or minus their stockings, to go a-crabbing without a boat along the edges of the creek. The consequences are dreadful. All crabs are like tramps, always hungry, but unlike tramps they are not in the least particular what they eat. They will rush for a bunch of pearly toes or the pointed end of a little black stocking with the same emotions that seize a bunco man when he soles a man with a yellow straw hat gawking at the store windows in town. Fancy the possossor of the pearly toes or black stocking with the valual had line and secop net. The beautiful Mademoiselle Watson, Queen of the Arona, nover made such a stride riding four horses at once as the girl with the violated toes will make as she lears to the bank and counts her feet to see if they are all there. The man who can look her calmly in the face and sak her if she let the crab go can never walk down to the arbors with her or go to the democratic store, where the Post Office is, for her letters after that. But if he restrains himself and soothes her and gets her to go on catching crabs from the shore until both get a basketful, he can treat to the beer, whi

SOME OF THE BOARDERS.

There are a good many doctors at Quogue this summer, relieving the monotony of their practice by killing game and fish and time. Among them are Dr. Ernst T. Hofman of Twenty-fifth street, Dr. Beebe and Dr. Finch and Dr. Stuyvesant Morris of New York, and Dr. Gilfillian of Brooklyn. Dr. Hofman is a dead shot, and keeps the pet guests at Capt. Cooper's supplied with game. Dr. Finch is also a sportsman, but has a calculation on hand that takes all his time. Ho is figuring how much blood the mosquitoes take from the boarders on the Jersey coast in one summer. Among those who own cottages are John Wendel of New York. Robert Colgate, George Stone, the real estate operator of this city; Francis Baker, the commission merchant; George H. Penniman, whose interests are in stores on the East River, and whose wife was a Miss Brower of Boston; B. H. Howell, the Brooklyn sugar refiner; Samuel D. Craig and his wife, who was a Miss Baylis of Brooklyn. At Capt. Cooper's are Remson Schenck and E. S. Beardsley of Wall street; Antonio Rasines, who is providing

Rome, N. Y., with a street railroad; W. L. and J. B. Bowden of Maiden lane; E. J. Schoffeld of the same street; Charles K. Lexow, the lawyer, and member of all the German societies in this city; John Elderkin, who helps to publish a novel every day; Thomas A. Vyse, and Messra, Benjamin and W. W. Drake of this city. At the Halsey House are Brokers W. T. Whitchouse, George A. Betts, and Henry Bostwick; Henry A. Barling, F. O. Boyd, and those well-known Brooklynites, W. E. Horwell and Martin Joost, Other temporary Quoguers are Lawyer William Rockwell, Mrs. M. C. Agnew of New York, and Charles U. Ely and James Callender of Brooklyn.

Rockwell, Mrs. M. C. Agnow of New York, and Charles U. Ely and James Callender of Brocklyn.

Some of the cottage owners did a very good thing by building in Quogue the prattiest little Episcopal church within many miles of town. Outside and inside it is covered with shingles. Those outside are chemically treated to suggest venerable age, while the inside lining is of tiny, round-cornered shingles left fresh and new. The effect is indescribably pretty, especially as the shape of the building is pleasing and the walls are broken by rich windows of stained glass. Dr. Morgan bix and many other famous elergymen have officiated there. The same element at Quogue is also responsible for the little nondescript building called the Casino that has suddenly done violence to all the goodly traditions of the simple. democratic old resort. The shed contains a balicoom and plano, but the chief of its attraction is the tennis courtoutside. This daily attracts a greater number than one would thank possible of these half-grown lads of this era, who dress like women in gaudy colors, and are fond of colars that don't match their shirts. Those who don't wear knee breeches have taken to what the girls call "lee-cream pants," baggy, white flannel things, with enough eloth in one pair to clothe a poor family. The new Casino shed also attracts an astonishing number of girls, who dress like the boys that dress like them—to put the case exactly. That is, these girls wear the same sort of hats and dresses of the same sorts of goods and precisely the same shoes, and behave so very like the girl-boys they go with that it is hard to tell which is imitating the other. Their similarity engenders the awnul thought that those are members of a new sex that came in with the modern cigarette.

Fancy this sort of people at a resort so natural that the only place to get shaved there is under the trees, with one chair to sit on, one for your heels, and one for you to rest your head on—up high, on the back of it, so that the barber can get at you. Imagi



families, and lots of nice folks who are neither rich nor blooded; but they are not being enjoyed by the people who are allower heir neighbors, because it does not seem as if such people really enjoy anything. To return to the shower bath—nothing over was so popular there. It appears to take a man and a girl to work it whenever a girl uses it though when a man is alone he can manage it very well without help. It causes so much fun that the room it is in is forever filled with girlish laughter, which rolls from it all during the bathing hours as the sound of a distant beach pours out of a shell held to one's ear. It is that sort of fun that takes people to Quogue—simple, modest pleasure without any frilis or style, and with the children along with you if you have any, and their nurses as well, for nurses are as plenty as blackberries in the woods, and in these days they are so fine that one shrewd old lady said yesterday that the only way she could tell the nurses apart from the ladies was by looking down at their aprons. only way she could tell the nurses apart from the ladies was by looking down at their aprons

Haunter For when Belle of the Shuckings than when Mrs. Gen. Congressman Elilott.

Prom the Chicago Heraid.

Not long since there was a brief notice in the papers of the death of Mrs. Gen. R. B. Elliott, wife of the negro Congressman who a few years ago took such an active part in South Carolina politics. Possibly ne woman of the present century has experienced such a sudden change from indigence to opulence, or has risen so quickly in the social scale. Mrs. Elliott was owned by a family in Columbia. S. C. Her name was Nancy, but on account of her plump figure she bore the suggestive appellation of "Nancy Fat." She was an amiable, humble creature. Happy and indolent, with no ambition or pride of character, she was as contented while engaged at the most menial toil and drudgery as when arrayed in fantastic and gaudy attire, she danced as boile of the shuckings.

During the peried of Republican rule Gen. Elliott, while in Columbia, was one afternoon driving behind his splendid pair, of bays. He From the Chicago Herald.

During the peried of Republican rule Gen. Elliott, while in Columbia, was one afternoon driving behind his splendid pair of bays. He was dressed in his usual style of black broaddoth and iavender kid gloves. At the corner of one of the streets he saw a picture that proved to be the key to his destiny. It was "Nancy Fat." She had just drawn a bucket of water from the pump, and it was balanced on her turbaned hoad, the crystal drops trickling down her brown face and neck, and she laughed good naturedly. Her skirts were tucked high, and there was a generous display of bare feet and ankles. The effect was instantaneous, and the Congressman in broadcloth was hopelessly infatuated with the merry, ignorant water carrier.

laughed good naturedly. Her skirts were tucked high, and there was a generous display of bare feet and ankles. The effect was instantaneous, and the Congressman in broadcloth was hopelessly infatuated with the merry, ignorant water carrier.

The result was a sneedy courtship and marriage. The transformation was wonderful as it was sudden. From the washtub and cooking stove she became mistress of a magnificent home on one of the fashlonnels streets of Columbia. Gen. Elliott was a man of brilliant intellect and unbounded ambition. He was one of the leading spirits of the Republican party, and was regarded as one of the most intelligent negroes who was ever known in the South. He was from Boston; he was a finished scholar and a successful lawyer. His alliance with the untutored Nancy caused general surprise. Yet she was received by his friends with courtesy and kindness. One day I was sussing her house in company with her former mistress, when we espied a sight that was drell and amusing. Beside a marble fountain surrounded by rare exotics sat Mrs. Elliott. She was arrayed in a costume of most extreme elegance. Peeping from beneath her skirts of amber satin we plainly saw her bare brown feet. As she saw us she quickly tucked them under her skirts, and exclaimed good-naturedly:

"Now, old missis, don't laugh at your nigger; you know I never did like the shoes. If the General saw me he would soold, but every chance I get I just slip them off. All this finery can't make m forget the happy days when I was plain Nancy Fat, and now I am Mrs. Gen. Congressman Elliott."

Much amused, we passed on, and left her with her bare feet in the damn sand of the fountain. A few years later Mrs. Elliott became a prominent feature in the Republican society of the State, and also fluored consideration at one of the balls that she caused such a sensation on account of the devoted attentions she received from certain white politicians who wished to make conspicuous their approval of the social equality law. The brilliant negro Congressm

BACHELORS.

HOW SOME OF THE GOLDEN YOUTH AND GILDED AGE LIVE IN THIS CITY.

Fine Apartments Costing Thousands-" Mr. Andrews' and Pictures. The Man who Never Siceps. House, oping Bachelors, "The thraldom of the boarding house," said one of the most widely known of New York real estate dealers the other night, "fs about broken. The ime has come when it is no longer proper to call New York a city of boarding houses. The bachelors are clamoring for a chance, and they are getting it. I remember very well when the town consisted of two grades of people-those who kept house and those who boarded.
"The entering wedge was the French flat, an

it was first called. It made it possible for people

with small incomes to keep house, and they gradually moved out of the boarding houses, and started in for themselves. From the lor apartment house. The flat took the married people away from the boarding houses. and now bachelor apartments are winning the unmarried men. You see, at best, the life of a boarding house is unnatural, and the struggle to get out of it is so earnest, that, as soon as an opportunity offers, there are no end of takers. It would be very strange if a boarding-house life ever could be successful, for, if it is difficult for families to live together in peace and harmony, how much more so must it be for strangers gathered from every quarter of the compass to be forced into domestic relations under a single roof. Men who have travelled abroad realize the beauty of living in chambers, and this fact also has had its influence in bringing about the erection of buildings devoted entirely to bachelors, Such buildings are never run in a prudish and silly manner, for it is understood that a man who lives alone in his rooms should have the utmost freedom. Of course if there is too much of a hubbub and scandal, prompt measures are taken to put matters right, but this seldom occurs, for the majority of men who can afford to live in apartment houses have enough culture and decency to avoid flagrant exhibitions of wildness. A rattling good apartment of three rooms and bath may be had in the best section of the town at from \$500 to \$300 a year-unfurnished, of course. If the bachelor takes a lease of a year or more, the host will always decorate his rooms handsomely for nothing. Then he buys a few rugs, hires a plano, hangs some portières, puts up some brackets, bric-A-brac, and odds and ends from Japan, and almost before he knows it he has an exquisite little home. The rooms are heated by steam, the mirrors are numerous, there is plenty of hot and cold water, the elevator runs all night, and there is usually a caterer who turnishes meals at the rate of fifty cents apiece. They are not good meals, but they will do for a makeshift when the bachelor cannot go to his club or a good restaurant. "Some years ago a capitalist talked to me

about erecting an apartment house, and wished me to take charge of it. I suggested that it be devoted entirely to bachelors, and it was put up under my direction. It has paid 16 and 18 per cent, over since. Quite a lot of well-known men are in the building. An apartment on the first floor was picked out before the house was put up by one of the most accomplished and indefatigable mashers in New York. He has an income of \$6,000 a year. He is sometimes reierred to as the man who never sleeps. He lives on the surface of the town, is out every night at the opera or theatre, and parades Broadway and Flith avenue when they are crowded to their highest capacity. He eats at the most prominent windows of all the restaurants, and his cool gray eye is ever on the alert when women are abroad. His remittance comes in on the first of every January. He then sits down and payshis rent for a year in advance, discharges all of his obligations, and starts out to enjoy life. The money generally lasts him seven or eight months, although I have known it to give out in less time than that occasionally during the past ten years. When he gets to a point where he has not a cent left, he comes home, writes a few letters of addeu to his closest friends, and estensibly goes to Europe or the West. In reality he goes to bed. From that time until his next remittance he simply lounges around his rooms. The servants in the house tell me that for months at a time he does not leave the building, and very often for a week or two he will lie in bed constantly reading French novels and tinkling a bango. During these periods of forced seclusion he never touches a drop of liquor, has no visitors, and is apparently as happy as a clam at high tide. He reads the papers voraciously, and is affable with the servants. He always alleges that he is ill. although there is never anything in the world the matter with him except the natural results of hard drinking. He lives hard and fast when he has money scarcely sleeping more than three hours in the night, and takes all sorts of risks with his constitution, but this rest of three or lour mon that it be devoted entirely to bachelors, and it was put up under my direction. It has paid 16

bet turbaned head, the crystal drops tricking the constitution of the constitution of